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# Oxford Democrat.

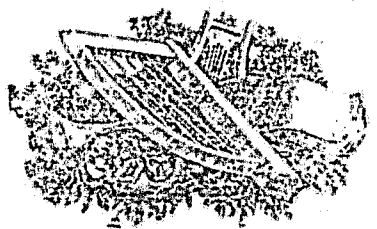
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addressed to the publisher, Post-paid.



## POETRY.

For the Oxford Democrat.

### FRIENDSHIP.

In Friendship's name a germ reposes,  
Sweeter far than Flora's bower,  
Where bud and bloom the loveliest roses,  
And every varied, fragrant flower.

The Spring displays the daisies' sweetness,  
The Summer opens the tulip gay,  
But charms like these, are marked by fleetness  
And quickly fading, pass away.

Meet emblem all of other pleasures,  
Soon they fade and disappear,  
And, oft while transiently they please us  
Painful draw the chrysalis tear.

Not so, the joy that Friendship gives us,  
Blending kindred hearts in one,  
Remaining when life's morn has left us,  
Cheering when declines our sun.

South Waterford, Aug. 26, 1835.

From the Portland Magazine

### WHAT IS IT TO BE GREAT?

What is it to be great? How vain to ask,  
With the eye fix'd on earth, while busy man  
Sweeps the broad surface, and its ocean noise!  
Come hither, under the deep night, and stand  
Upon this tower, when the wide city sleeps,  
And a vast stillness broods upon the air.  
Then look above, where the bright band of stars  
Treads to its noble music, and the moon  
Rides on its silent wheel the unfathom'd sky—  
Look at the mighty sea—and hear the voice,  
The same it utter'd when the world was made,  
And the great waters from the hand of God  
Were pour'd into its deeps.

These are the works  
That tell you what is Greatness—and express  
The spirit, as it reads it—these the lines  
That fade not, written on the wave and sky,  
In characters of light ineffable!

And who is great? Alas—the teeming earth  
Has seen but Oza. The lowly Bethlehem  
Shadow'd his infant brow—the manger, there,  
Pillow'd his infant head. Yet who, like him,  
Has come from palace, and walk'd the land,  
With such a crown upon his golden hair?

Is Greatness from the glory of our sires?  
Or the emblazon'd page of heraldry—  
His Father was the God of all the earth;  
His generation from Eternity!

Is it from Life—or life's great deeds, that stir  
The heart to admiration—prayers—and tears!  
His was a Life devoted to the world—  
A Life that battled with eternal Death.

Is it from Glory? His was that of good—  
Not marsh'd off by the clarion and the trumpet,  
But by the silent Gratitude of Earth.

Is it from Eloquence? His wondrous lips  
Stir'd the great elements—and mount and sea  
Trembled before his words—and wind and storm  
Sank at that magic utterance—"Be still!"

He spoke—and Crones before his startling voice,  
And kings who fill'd them, in their robes and crowns,  
Shook like an aspen in the coming storm.

Is it from Power? His sceptre was o'er all,  
And the wide world bow'd to his lifted hand.  
Is it from lofty Love—that love for Man,  
That dawns the trumpet of a sudden! earth—  
The malediction of the human heart,

For which it bows it to the sepulchre!  
His was the great philanthropy of God!  
Alone He trod the wine-press—and alone,  
In red Gethsemane He bow'd and bled  
Great drops of agony—and cleans'd the world!

Then go—Earth knows no Greatness but the Soul's!  
No Great one but the Good; and when ye ask  
Who bore the noblest front of royalty,  
And who the noblest crown—I tell you His,  
Whose brow was first unveil'd in Bethlehem,  
And veil'd, at last, in thorns, on Calvary!

M.

### Infidelity in Love.

'To the vulgar their is but one infidelity—  
that which, in woman at least, can never be ex-  
piated or forgiven. They know not the shades  
in which change disguises itself; they trace not  
the fearful progress of the alienation of the  
heart. But to those who truly and deeply love,

there is an infidelity with which the person has  
no share. Like ingratitude, it is punished by  
no laws. We are powerless to avenge our-  
selves. When two persons are united by af-  
fection and the love of one survives that of the  
other, who can measure the anguish of the un-  
fortunate; who watches the extinction of a light  
which nothing can rekindle! It mostly hap-  
pens, too, that the first discovery is sudden—  
There is a deep trustfulness in a loving heart;  
it is blind to the gradual decrease of sympathy;  
its divine charity attributes the absent eye, the  
chilling word, to a thousand causes, save the

little one; care; illness; some worldly troub-  
le; some engrossing thought, and (poor fool  
that he is!) endeavors by additional tenderness  
to compensate for the pain that is not of its own  
causing. Alas! the time has come when it can  
no longer compensate. It hath ceased to be  
the all-in-all to its cruel partner. Custom has  
brought its invariable curse, and indifference  
gathers round the place in which we had garner'd  
up our soul. At length the appalling light  
breaks upon us—we discover we are no longer  
loved, and what remedy have we? None! Our  
first, our natural feeling is resentment. We are  
conscious of treachery; this ungrateful heart  
that has fallen from us, how have we prized  
and treasured it—how have we sought to shield  
it from every arrow; how have we pleased  
ourselves, in solitude and in absence, with  
yearning thoughts of its faith and beauty, now it  
is ours no more! Then we reproach; we be-  
come exacting; we watch every look; we  
gauge every action; we are unfortunate; we  
weary, we offend. These our agonies; our  
impetuous bursts of passion; our ironical and  
bitter taunts, to which we half expect, as here-  
tofore, to hear the soft word that turneth away  
wrath; these only expedite the fatal hour;  
they are new crimes to us; the very proofs of  
our bitter love are treasured and repeated as  
reasons why we should be loved no more: as  
if without a throo, without a murmur, we could  
reign ourselves to so great a loss. Alas! it is  
with fierce convulsion that the temple is rent in  
twain, and we hear the Divinity depart.—  
Sometimes we stand in silence, and with a full  
heart, gazing upon those hard cold eyes which  
never again melt in tenderness upon us. And  
our silence is dumb; its eloquence is gone.—  
We are no longer understood. We long to die  
in order to be avenged. We halt pray for some  
great misfortune, some agonizing illness,  
that it may bring to us our soothe and our nurse.  
We say, "in affliction or in sickness it could  
not thus desert us." We are mistaken. We  
are shelterless; the roof has been taken from  
our heads; we are exposed to any and every  
storm. Then comes a sharp and dread sen-  
timent of loneliness and insecurity. We are left,  
weak children, in the dark. We are bereft  
more irrevocably than by death; for will even  
the hereafter that unites the happy dead that die  
lovingly, restore the love that has perished ere  
life be dim.

What shall we do? We have accustomed  
ourselves to love and be loved. Can we turn  
to new times, and seek in another that which is  
extinct in one? How often is such a resource  
in vain! Have we not given to this, the treach-  
erous and the false friend, the last years of our  
lives; the flower of our affections? Did we not  
yield up the harvest? How little is there left  
for another to glean! This makes the crime of  
the mortal infidelity. The one who takes away  
from us his or her love, takes from us also the  
love of all else. We have no longer, perhaps,  
the youth and the attractions to engage affec-  
tion. Once we might have chosen out of the  
world; now the time is past. Who shall love us  
in our sear and yellow leaf, as in that time when  
we had most the qualities that win love? It was  
a beautiful sentiment of one whom her lord  
proposed to put away—"Give me back," said  
she, "that which I brought to you." And the  
man answered in the vulgar coarseness of his  
soul, "Your fortune shall return to you." I  
thought not of fortune," said the lady, "give me  
back my real wealth; give me back my beauty  
and my youth; give me back the virginity of  
soul; give me back the cheerful mind, and the  
heart that had never been disappointed."

Yes; it is of these that the unfaithful rob us  
when they dismiss us back upon the world and  
tell us with a bitter mockery, to form new ties.  
In proportion to the time that we have been faith-  
ful; in proportion to the feelings we have sacri-  
ficed; in proportion to the wealth of soul, of  
affection, of devotion, that we have consumed,  
are we shut out from the possibility of atone-  
ment elsewhere. But this is not all; the other oc-  
cupations of the world are suddenly made stale  
and barren to us; The daily avocations of life;  
the common pleasures, so tame in themselves;  
had their charm when we could share and talk  
over them with another. It was sympathy  
which made them sweet; the sympathy with-  
drawn they are nothing to us; worse than no-  
thing. The talk has become the tinkling sym-  
bol, the society the gallery of pictures. Ambition,  
ambition, toil, the great aims of life; even these  
abruptly cease to excite. What, in the first  
place, made labor grateful, and ambition dear;  
Was it not the hope that their rewards would  
be reflected upon another self? And now there  
is no other self. And, in the 2d place (and  
this is a newer consideration) does it not require  
a certain calmness and freedom of mind for  
great efforts? Persuaded of the possession of  
what most we value, we can look abroad with  
cheerfulness and hope; the consciousness of a  
treasure inexhaustible by external failures,  
makes us speculative and bold. Now, all  
things are colored by our despondency; our  
self-esteem, that our pride has received a jar-  
ring and bitter shock. We no longer feel that  
we are equal to stern exertion. We wonder at  
what we have dared before. And therefore it  
is that when Othello believes, the occupations of  
his whole life suddenly become burdensome and  
abhorred.

"Farewell," he said,  
"Farewell the tranquil mind—farewell content."  
And then as the necessary but unconscious  
link in the chain of the thought he continues at  
once;

Farewell the plumed troops and the big wars  
That make ambition virtue—oh, farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump;  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war;  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone."

But there is another and more permanent  
result from this bitter treason. Our trustful-  
ness in human nature is diminished. We are  
no longer the credulous enthusiasts of good—  
The pillars of the moral world seem shaken—  
We believe, we hope, no more from the faith of  
others. If the one whom we so worshipped, and  
served; who know us in our best years; to  
whom we have offered countless daily offerings;  
whom we put in our heart of hearts; against  
whom if a world hinted, we had braved a world;  
if this one has deserted us, who than shall be  
faithful?

At length we began to reconcile ourselves to  
the worst; gradually we gather the moss of our  
feelings from this heart which has become to us  
a stone. Our pride hardens down into indif-  
ference. Ceasing to be loved, we cease to  
love. Seasons may roll away; all other feelings  
ebb and flow; ambition may change into apathy;  
generosity may sour into avarice; we may  
forget the enmities of years, may make  
friends of foes; but the love we have lost is  
never renewed. On that dread vacuum of the  
breast, the temple and the garden rise no more.  
That feeling, be it hatred, be it scorn, or be it  
indifference, which replaces love, endures to  
the last. And altered forever to the one, how  
many of us are altered forever to the world;  
neither so cheerful nor so kind, nor so active in  
good nor so incredulous of evil as we were be-  
fore! The deluge of passion has rolled back;  
the earth is green again. But we are in a new  
world. And the new world is but the sepul-  
chre of the old.

### Self-Limited Diseases.

Under the simple self-limited diseases, we  
may class *hooping cough*. This disease, has  
its regular increase, height, and decline occu-  
pying ordinarily from one to six months. Dur-  
ing this period, medical treatment is for the most  
part of no avail. After hooping cough has  
reached its climax, change of air sometimes ap-  
pears to hasten convalescence. Also if inflam-  
matory, or other morbid affections, supervene  
upon the pure disease, they may become sub-  
jects for medical treatment. With these ex-  
ceptions, hooping cough appears to be a self-  
limited disease.

Most of the class of diseases usually denomi-  
nated eruptive fevers, are self-limited. *Mea-  
sles*, for example, is never known to be cut short  
by art, or abridged of its natural career. *Scar-  
let fever*, a disease of which we have had much  
and fatal experience during the last three years,  
is eminently of this character.

*Small pox* is another example of the class of  
affections under consideration. It may at first  
view appear that inoculation has placed arti-  
ficial limits on this disease. But it must be re-  
collected, that inoculated small pox is itself only  
a milder variety of the same disease, having, its  
own customary limits of extent and duration,  
which are fixed quite as much as those of the  
distinct and confluent forms of the natural dis-  
ease.

*Erysipelas* is an eruptive fever, having strong  
analogies with those which have been detailed.  
It is not certain that art can very materially  
affect either the duration or the extent of this  
malady.

It is a question of great interest to the medi-  
cal profession, to determine whether *lyphus* is a  
disease susceptible of control from medical  
means. On this subject no one now doubts,  
that if the disease is once fairly established in  
the system, it cannot be eradicated by art, but  
must complete a certain natural course, before  
convalescence can take place. But a question  
still exists, whether this disease is capable of  
being jugulated, or broken up, at its onset, by  
the early application of remedies.

[Dr. Bigelow.

*New Dictionary.*—Or the present meaning  
of certain popular words.

*Gentleman*, One who feels ashamed to be  
in the company of those that labor for a liv-  
ing; is often seen at the theatre, looking at  
the ladies through a double barrelled opera  
glass.

*Lady*, A female in the shape of a pair of sad-  
dle bags, small in the middle and large at both  
ends.

*Lower Orders*, Farmers, mechanics, and all  
other laboring people.

*Justice*, This word, though frequently used,  
does not seem to mean much of any thing at  
the present day; it is sometimes applied to law-  
yers.

*Honesty*, To get money any way that you  
can, by grinding the face of the poor.

*The Comet arrived.*—Professor Olmsted,  
and Mr. Loomis, of Yale College, have pub-  
lished a card in the New Haven Herald, in  
which they state that they were blessed on the

31st ult. with a view of this interesting body.—  
They describe its location thus:—

"Its present position is north of the Bull's  
Horns, a little below the vertex of an equilib-  
ral triangle, formed with those two stars. It is  
nearly in a line between the planet Jupiter and  
the Pleiades or seven stars, and nearer to the  
former.—Or, more particularly, at two o'clock  
this morning, its right ascension was 5h 61m.,  
and its declination N 24 deg., being about a  
degree less than that derived from the elements  
of Pontecoulant, which are given in the Couna-  
issance des Temps for 1833."

*The Philosopher's Stone discovered.*—A  
writer in the Courier, states that a young me-  
chanic by the name of Andrew Morse Jr. of  
Bloomfield, Maine, has recently discovered the  
long sought principle of perpetual motion, and  
that he intends shortly to embark for England  
with the view of claiming the bounty of £20,000  
offered by the British government for the con-  
struction of a self-moving machine. The writ-  
ter says:—

"This machine is propelled by air, acted upon  
by the changes of temperature of the atmosphere.  
It consists of an Air-Cistern and Piston—a  
Reciprocating Rack, with its Pinion-wheels for  
giving motion—a Drum, with its Pulleys, from  
which the weight is suspended and guided—  
Cog-wheels and Catch, for maintaining the  
Power,—wheels and Axles, required for con-  
densing the air—and Levers for changing the  
direction of the power.

"The operation of this machine is produc-  
ed—as has been already suggested—by means  
of the contraction and expansion of air, effected  
by the changes of atmospheric temperature.—  
By this power, a weight is kept constantly  
wound up, so that it shall perpetually, and uni-  
formly act upon, and keep in motion, any ma-  
chinery to which it is adapted. In short, the  
machine is entirely regulated by its own mo-  
tion."

*"Geoponics."*—"Well, Sambo, what are de  
agricultural prospects dis season?" "Oh,  
Pomp, I hardly know. Dat tater bill ob mine  
grow nicely—but I gosh! dat reddish don't  
grow none." Dat's 'cause you be ignorant ob  
de scientific principle ob Horticulture, Sambo.  
I understand 'em you see—I sign for de Hor-  
ticultural Magazine. My corn, sir all turnin'  
yaller,—dat's a sign ob ripeness;—I got dem  
cabbage stamps you gin me polled, and I just  
been plantin' some silk worms." My good-  
ness! Yes, sir, I spec to have silk factory go-  
in! her next fall." "I gosh! Pomp, you go  
ahead rightish, dat's sartin. Tell us de scien-  
tific principle of de silk worm, Pomp?" "Not  
as you know on!—sharn't do it, my Bob?—I  
soe gin to morrow!"—Dedham-Patriot.

From the Baltimore Young Men's Paper.

Richard of Taunton Dean.

### CHAPTER I.

And away rode Richard of Taunton Dean,  
To court the parson's daughter Jane.

OLD SONG.

'Hold up thy head Dick,' said the widow  
Heathcote, as she carefully parted the curling hair  
upon the ruddy forehead of her son; 'hold up  
thy head, cant thee; be still and don't fidget a-  
bout so—there—put up thy collar a little more  
—that will do; now come here—thy necker-  
chief is all awry—so, it the does not win Miss  
Jane, now, why?'

'Why mother!'

'Why she does not know a handsome man  
when she sees him, that's all!'

'La! mother! I—'

'Be quiet Dick, and do not look so simple  
—have not the girls from Crockettville and Oak-  
enden all the way up to Farmboro' been prin-  
mumg their mouths and looking aside at thee?  
and did not Biddy Plummer, no later than  
Thursday last, as I was passing through Mark-  
et meadow, tell me that her daughter Hannah  
thought thee the handsomest man, she had ever  
seen except poor Ned Allen, who was drown-  
ed in the mill dam last Christmas was a year?  
so put on thy spurs and away to the Parson-  
age, Jane won't refuse thee, surely I know.'

'Well now just as you say; but I say moth-  
er, what shall we talk about when I get there—  
eh?'

'Did ever any one hear the like! are thee  
not of age, with a good farm for thy portion;  
that Deacon Tripleton says may be valuated  
at a great deal more than it is worth? Why,  
there's Zoa Greenhill, that married squire  
Dyke's daughter Mary—and a forward chit she  
is too, I warrant me—wilt-n Zoa married her he  
had not half so much land as thou hast—to be  
sure, he dress'd finer but he was no better for  
that; and he had more scholarship, but scholar-  
ship is not to be compared with good solid  
acres; for why? men have empty pockets now-  
adays with the one, and full barns if they are  
wise with the other.'

Before we proceed farther, permit us, gentle  
reader, to describe the personal equipment of  
Richard Heathcote, at the period to which we  
are referring. He wore a straw hat, encircled  
by a broad black and white neckerchief was  
used loosely around his neck, more for ornament  
than service, the two ends of which hung danc-  
ing over a buff waistcoat. His coat, of a bright  
green color, was cut short and somewhat broad

behind, and garnished with blazing metal but-  
tons; his nether integuments were of buckskin,  
laced jauntily at the knee, with yellow ribbon—  
add to these blue stockings and top boots, at-  
tached to which were an enormous pair of spurs  
and our hero stands completely accounted be-  
fore you.

'What you say, mother, is all very true for  
that matter, and 'as hay can't be made in rainy  
weather, I have told Harry to bring me out old  
Dapple as soon as Jack Styles has finished his  
shoeing and—ha! here he comes, good bye,  
mother! there's no harm in asking Jenny, any  
how.'

### CHAPTER II.

'Hollo! house! house!'

'Who calls?'

'That's a putty question to ask! can't you  
come and see? make haste now, and don't keep  
Dapple standing so long at the gate—there, that  
will do—take him into the stable and rub him  
down; as soon as he is cool enough give him  
some water; then come in and let me know  
and I will tell you what to do next. Is your  
young mistress in?'

'Who, missa?'

'Who, Massa! when will you answer a  
straight forward question? who? why Miss  
Jane; is she at home I say?'

'Don't know, Massa.'

'Don't know! well, here take old Dapple  
and march off—that's just the way with these  
niggers, ask them a question they 'don't know,  
but if there is any thing you wish to keep a se-  
cret they know more of it than you do your-  
self—Say boy!'

'Sir.'

'Show me into the parsonage; make haste!  
now one would think you had been walking be-  
side a plough all your life, you move so slow;  
now go and tell Miss Jane. Richard of Taun-  
ton Dean is in the parlor waiting to see her.—  
After all, this is a putty place Jenny lives in,  
and if I can only get her to come to the Farm  
house, what with mother, and cousin Mary,  
and Jenny and I, we will have glorious times  
there.'

'Well, Richard!'

'Well, Jenny! how d'ye do? right hearty,  
eh? you look well—terrible warm day this, aint  
it?—crops are promising in Taunton, how are  
they here? Oh, Harry White's right down  
ill—you know Harry don't you? lives up by  
Bartow's, in that white house, long side the  
bazel copse leading to Chiselhurst; it makes a  
person tired to stand long don't it? let us sit  
down on the sophy yonder; I have got a sight  
of things to tell you.'

'But what has brought you from Taunton,  
Richard?'

'Why old Dapple had nothing to do, and the  
men on the farm did not want me to day, so I  
thought I might as well set out and see you.  
Mother and cousin Mary send their love.—  
Mary is going to be married soon; have you  
heard of it down these parts? fact! Young  
Wilson of Apple Cross is about to take her  
home. Taunton will be a monstrous lonely  
place when she leaves us—I go whistling about  
the farm everlastingly now, but then I shall  
have no one to whistle to; so I thought if a—  
a—say Miss Jane, did not tell that critter  
of yours to come fooling it into this room?'

'No, certainly not!'

'Then, I say, mister, just please to walk out  
and shut the door after you; for, if I be oblig-  
ed to use obstruperous measures, you wont be  
able to find yourself till after harvest, and that  
is not pleasant.'

'Mister Heathcote!'

'Sit still, Jenny and please don't Mister me;  
I am plain Dick or Richard, just as you say;  
but I see how it is, these disgracious varnisms  
are always prying into things totally unconcern-  
able to them. I expect they can't help it, af-  
ter all; its in their nature, and its out of all rea-  
son to think of making good fires out of marsh  
wood.'

'But to the purpose of your journey.'

'Oh, aye!—where was I—right as I am say-  
ing, Mary is going to leave us—that cousin of  
mine is a fine girl, Jenny; she has always been  
brought up at Taunton, so that you see that I  
have known her ever since she was about so  
high. Many a pleasant walk we have had to-  
gether, and as Mary grew up we were more  
like brother and sister than cousins. I tell you  
that—though I say it myself—there is not a  
purer girl any where round Taunton than our  
Mary.'

'You are straying from the purport of your  
journey, Richard.'

'Ah! not keeping to the pint—well, now,  
that's true, it is strange, isn't it, how a person's  
ideas will wander? Talking of that puts me in  
mind of being down at Oryington last election,  
where I heard one of the candidates circum-  
navigate a question first rate, I tell you!'

'Circumnavigate?'

'Yes! he sailed all round the pint he was  
aiming and never once touched it was't that  
clever! I swan! Jenny, that's a right down  
putty gown of yours, raly; how much mought  
that ribbon cost?—a sight of money, dare say.  
—And good Mills to be had down these parts?  
Harry Hopper told me to look out for one ei-  
ther to sell or to rent—you are acquainted with  
Harry aint you? married Deacon Tripleton's  
Susan, strange girl that Susan—stands as high



as a worn fence and about as crooked—oh, ha! how is your uncle Nathan? I heard of his taking widow Jonas to wife—shame that, wasn't it?—what can old people like them want to get married for? it is enough for young folks such as we to do; I say, Jenny, how do you like Taunton Dean?

"It is a very pretty place."  
"So I think, and if the old Farm house was put in good repair it is a right comfortable place for a body to live in, is it not?"

"Very."  
"That's a fact: strange now how we jump together in our ideas; you are very much like our Mary—how would you like to—Well, know I declare, if that condacious critter nimbly riding Dapple as fast as a steam engine. Just let me open the window a little: Hello! you, Mister! if you don't want to swally a thunder-gust you'll put Dapple back in the stable right off. I tell you what, stranger, it will be great for you if you do not get christened yet before I go, so mind. Them niggers of yours, Jenny, are right down sassy, ours at Taunton are the supplest set you did ever see. Don't you think Taunton Dean would be better for your health than down these parts?"

"I enjoy very good health here Richard."  
"Oh, I don't say that but then you know it would be so pleasant to have you up at the house; so that we might ride about together in summer and go sleighing in winter; if so be that—if so be that—that—that—mercy! what a great spider that is crawling along outside the window—needn't look he's gone now; but to come directly to the point. Taunton Dean is a party place, that's agreed on, cousin Mary is about to depart for Agass cross which will leave mother and I right lonely; the house is a good house, but wants a mistress; mother is getting old, besides the rheumatism troubles her at odd times, so that you see things are likely to go crooked; now I am old enough to get married and out of all the girls I know I should best prefer to—to—He! He! He! I swan! Jenny, but you look purtier just now than our Cousin Mary; I was going to say that with mother's consent I have called to ask if—if you—would—have any objections—to—to—becoming—young Mistress Heathcote of Taunton Dean."

"Really, Richard, the question—that is—I am sorry; very sorry; but it cannot be—I am sensible of the honor; but—but—"

"He!"

"It is—quite—impossible now; quite impossible—"

"Oh, how you talk! eh! you little rogue!—He! He! He! you are only funning me!—He! He! He! eh? aint you now?"

"Indeed, indeed I am not! I am gratified, extremely so, and yet—I am very sorry for your sake, but the truth is—a—y—y—I am already engaged!"

"You don't say so! what, really right up and down!! Oh! come now, you are only jesting with me; is it so; aint it?—do say yes,—oh, Jenny."

"True, true indeed!"  
"Then good bye, Jenny?—good bye—God bless you! I thought you would have made me a happy wife; but I see, I see—that's just the way with me—I never set my heart on any thing but I am sure to loose it—there, don't cry now—if he should not happen to marry you after all, just let me know, and I will saddle Dapple and be with you immediately. Good bye Jenny! I have this much more to say, that, married or unmarried, you may always count upon Taunton Dean as a home, and Dick Heathcote as a friend."

#### OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 16, 1835.

#### REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT

MARTIN VAN BUREN, of N. York.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

RICHARD M. JOHNSON, of Kentucky.

Judging from the ravings of the editor of the Kennebec Journal, in his last paper, one would suppose that he felt some doubts about his election to the Senate. He has conjured up the ghosts of departed humbugs, telling his readers among other things that a large portion of this State together with the citizens have been sold by Van Buren to the British, and intimating that the only way in which the consummation of the sacrifice can be prevented is to elect him Senator. Really the modesty of this "office seeker," is almost equal to his voracity. Perhaps our readers may like to know what is likely to become of the disputed territory. We therefore would inform them on the authority of the Kennebec Journal, that the question is likely to be settled without any farther difficulty. A company of Van Burenmans, and probably the "magician" himself is at the bottom of it, have bought out the British claim, and thus put a stop to the conflicting jurisdiction of the two countries. To which territory it is finally annexed we are not yet informed. Perhaps the new proprietors will set up an independent government of their own, unless the new whig Senator that is to be from Kennebec should defend the bargain before its consummation. If he is elected he threatens to rip up the whole transaction, so that the Van Buren Company had better look to it in season, or they will loose their five million purchase through the interference of the Kennebec Senator. Perhaps he will listen to terms. A nomination to office gagged his complaints about office seekers and office holders, perhaps a slice of the disputed territory would reconcile him to any disposal that might be made of it. But to speak seriously, we do not pretend to know what ideas the whigs of Kennebec may entertain of decency and propriety, yet we should think that they might, without being accused of squeamishness, feel a little disgusted with the low tricks of self electioneering, exhibited in this instance by one whom they have nominated for an important, and hitherto deemed honorable office.

The federalists say "the politicians of Maine, before next year will be very willing to find some excuse for voting for Gen. King." They may be willing to find an

excuse, but still it will be difficult to find a good one.—The party who nominated him have been sadly puzzled for some "excuse" for supporting him this year.

The federal papers are proving apparently to their own satisfaction that Van Buren stands no chance to be elected President than Jackson did the year before his election. According to their accounts, there are but one or two States that will vote for him. The rest of the votes will all be given to Mr. Anti-Van Buren, the whig candidate for the Presidency.

The opposition talk of the enthusiasm with which the name of Gen. Harrison is received as a candidate for the Presidency in all parts of the country. It is probably similar to that with which the nomination of Gen. King was received. First we had the McLean enthusiasm, which pervaded all the federal papers and threatened wonders, but perished like Jonah's gourd. Then there was the White enthusiasm, which has ever been confined to a few personal friends or disaffected partisans, though his name is still employed by many of the opposition, yet it is without enthusiasm. Next came the Webster enthusiasm, which hardly extended beyond Boston. A faint echo was heard in Rhode Island but it has now mostly died away. Last came the Harrison enthusiasm, of which we have heard much but seen little. A few months will show whether it is destined to be more permanent than all that has gone before. All these anti-Van Buren candidates have appeared within a year, and their number and variety afford satisfactory proof of the heterogeneous materials of which the opposition is composed, and of their inability to find a suitable opponent to the people's candidate, Martin Van Buren.

Appearances seem to indicate a change in the money market. The U. S. Bank has recently drawn from the State Banks in New York city a half million in specie, and it is said that 12 per cent is now freely offered for money. These fluctuations do not affect us so suddenly or violently in the country, but it would be well for our citizens to be prepared for the change that may take place soon and must before long.

The Court of Common Pleas sits in this town next week, and the Court of Probate the week after.

**Rhode Island Election.**—The Republican (Providence) Herald has spread before the public a synopsis of the measures adopted by the Whig party in that State, at the two last elections which have taken place there. So characteristic were those measures, and so strictly consistent with the general course of their party which they were adopted, that the synopsis in question, although like Thomas's Almanac, designed for particular meridian, will answer with a very little variation, for any other place. Some of the charges in the Herald, however, are made with a degree of distinctness and certainty which it is not always practicable to attain, and which are accounted for by the peculiar boldness and impudence with which the Whigs pursued their "bargain and intrigue," for the benefit of the "bald eagle."

Aware that they had not a majority of the voters of the State, they went actively to work to make one; and this they did, says the Herald:

By putting into the hands of some two or three hundred persons, deeds of small freeholds to qualify them to vote. This process they carried to such a shameful extent, that, as we are prepared to prove, and challenge them to deny, in some instances they qualified actual paupers, and in others effected transfers of deeds from man to man, during the time of voting, and thus obtained two or three votes on one deed; and made a mere sham instrument, made expressly for the occasion.

\* Specific prices were offered, and paid for votes. Where actual purchases could not be effected, attempts, sometimes successful, were made to keep voters from the polls, either by threats or promises, and in some instances, by the actual tender money.

\* Knowing that to gain a victory they must increase their numbers, they even recruited persons from New York, settled their in business, the eldest sons of freemen; and, in the city of Providence alone, brought out about two hundred persons qualified specially to vote on the occasion; and, than one hundred of whom, in one hour after the election, had not the shadow of a title to an inch of land on earth.

\* They who lavished their own money to an amount they would be ashamed to acknowledge, and raised large contributions in other states, to carry the two past elections, hold us up as objects of adoration, because, as they falsely say, we have expended forty thousand dollars on the recent election.

\* But, it is a base and reckless falsehood, when they charge upon us the expenditure of forty thousand dollars, and the use of the government patronage. Those who made the charge knew it to be false when they gave it utterance; and did so merely as a salvo for their defeat, and to excite sympathy abroad, where alone the story can possibly be believed.

\* It is useless for them to boast of their superior strength, or to threaten us with what they will do in the Spring. We defy them to the trial. Let them discontinue the use of pecuniary means, and the manufacture of voters, and we promise them they shall have no cause to complain of us. Let us have our election next Spring without the aid on either side, of any other than the ordinary means, and we will beat them by a majority of five to seven hundred votes."

We are glad to see our friends show so much resolution and activity, and have no doubt that they will be able to accomplish all they have promised.

We make the following extract from the Charleston, S. C. Mercury, inasmuch as it contains an accurate view of the position of the abolition question at the North, so far as it has been connected with political parties. The Mercury, as it intimates is opposed to Mr. Van Buren; but exhibits a commendable candor on this subject, which we

hope to see, ere long, prevail throughout the entire South. Since the first agitation of this question at the North, we have taken occasion, frequently, to express, in the strongest terms we could command, our disapprobation of all movements on the subject. We have always considered slavery as an institution entirely under the control of the States where it exists. On no occasion, and under no inducement, should any man or set of men at the North agitate it. The democracy of the North, who support Mr. Van Buren, are unanimous and decided against all interference, direct or remote, with the institution of slavery at the South, and the resolutions adopted by the Convention at Gray on the 12th, ult. express, we believe, the views of the party in New England, on the subject. We will barely add, that the Democratic Convention at Gray was the first popular body in New England, if we mistake not, that publicly expressed its disapprobation of the abolition movements of the fanatics. Since that time, the views there and then expressed, have found general favor in the community, and if the Mercury's political friends at the North have hitherto favored abolition, or have been backward in denouncing it, that paper will have the satisfaction now to see, that they are getting new light on the subject, and will probably soon enable the North to present an unbroken front against the enemies of the repose and integrity of the Union.

The Mercury is aware that some of the opponents of Mr. Van Buren at the South, are bent on creating the impression that his friends at the North are disposed to interfere, or permit interference, with this delicate and disturbing topic. As the Mercury is in high esteem with opponents of Mr. Van Buren at the South, we hope to see it do all it can, to disabuse its political friends on this subject. We are happy to witness it doing an act of justice towards the Democratic party in "Maine." On this subject the Democracy of the other New England States, are in full harmony with their friends in Maine. If the prominent opposition organs at the South, will refer the abolition excitement at the North, to its true origin, and keep it out of the vortex of politics, it will wittier and perish. It gains vitality only from the efforts made to introduce it as an element into our political controversies.—Argus.

**Commendable.** We are glad to see that the Van Buren Party in Maine, have not waited to be urged, to do what we have already said it became both of the great political parties at the North, on their own account, respectively not to neglect, viz: to separate themselves decidedly and unequivocally from the Abolitionists. Let the Whigs do likewise; but, we repeat, let them not stop at mere words, at resolutions, and let them act;—let them legislate. The Democratic County Convention, held at Gray, Maine, on the 12th of August, have denounced the Abolitionists in the strongest terms. We are glad of it. Opposed as we are to this party, and distrusting Mr. Van Buren as we do, we shall always rejoice to see them acting well—and never withhold the expression of our approbation, when we approve their conduct.

**Modern Democracy** began in New England. It was planted on our shores by the Pious Pilgrims, who escaped from the tyranny of an aristocracy in the church and an aristocracy of the sword, to assert in a new world the doctrine of Equal Rights, a doctrine which has never seemed dangerous, except to the friends of established abuses. It was the earnest emigrants of the Old Colony, who first proclaimed and established the startling truths are interwoven with the power of the people, and are interwoven with all their interests; they have been the latent cause of the best results of modern civilization, and cannot be abandoned without surrendering the right of self government on the part of the nation. Our fathers were not men who boasted of a noble descent; they claimed no hereditary honors; they tolerated no prospective claim to authority. They described themselves, as "accustomed only to a plain country life and the innocent trade of husbandry;" and the choicest bequest which they made us, is found in the principles of democratic liberty. *"We are false to their memory if we swerve from these principles."* The nations of Europe are, at this time, endeavoring to learn of us the lesson of popular rights; the industrious classes of the old world are beginning to assert the cause of free labor. *"It becomes New England to take the lead in defending the principles which first took root in her soil."* [George Bancroft.]

**The Panic Coming.**—The Monster Bank is commencing another screw. It has been a whole year preparing for it. By these operations of expansion and contraction, those friends of the Bank who are in its secrets are enabled to amass fortunes, by plundering under the form of law, the unwary, the uninformed, and the credulous. In the wild speculations which the extraordinary loans of the Bank engendered last spring, its friends became salesmen at high prices, and the pressure now will enable these same friends, who fore-knew what the Bank intended to do, and being prepared for the work, will buy their fancy stocks, house lots and lands half what they sold them for. Yet the purchased tools of this infamous institution will justify its robberies. See what the Boston Atlas says in its justification. [Bost. Post.]

**Misrepresentations corrected.** The federal papers have been claiming Messrs. Lipton and Hendricks, Senators from Indiana, as opposed to Mr. Van Buren. This is flatly contradicted by the Washington Globe, on the authority of a member of Congress from that State. The general assembly of North Carolina has

been also claimed as anti-Van Buren. The Globe states the majority at fifteen for Van Buren.

From the Green Mountain Democrat. Federal Impudence and Blasphemy.

Some miserable creature in Bennington, whose intellect has been shattered by the panic with which he is yet quaking, has published an infamous article in the Vermont, charging the mobs and riots which have recently disgraced the country, to the principles of "Jacksonism." We give an extract from this silly and wicked tirade.

"But it may not be an uninteresting subject of inquiry, to ascertain, as far as we are able, the cause of these riotous proceedings obtaining such a degree of frequency. And here, I shall not doubt, be accused of political heresy by a portion of the community at least if I express as I feel, the full, entire and unwavering belief that it is solely attributable to the principles of Jacksonism—if principles they may be called, which have no other rule of action than the caprice of the actor."

We can assure the writer of the foregoing that he is in no danger of being "accused of political heresy." The terms are altogether too mild for such a gross, stupid, senseless black-head. Where has he been for the last eighteen months, that he has taken no note of what has been passing before all eyes and ringing in all ears? One would think he was a lunatic just escaped from the moon.—Let us briefly review the course of the whigs, that we may see, to what party the popular excesses of the day are justly chargeable.

The memorable panic of 1834, the great parent of confusion and disorder, was created by whig declaimers and pushed forward by whig presses for the benefit of the United States Bank and of the whig party.

Henry Clay, one of the whig leaders in the Senate, declared, in an appeal to popular fury, that "we were in the midst of a revolution—bloodless as yet."

Horace Binney, another incendiary orator, of the House of Representatives, in wailing over the fancied wrongs of the bank, proclaimed that, "soon dirks would gleam and pistols flash in the streets."

George M. Duffie, a third whig fomenter of popular disorder, haranged the populace of Philadelphia till he fainted with his efforts; he represented the President as a bloody tyrant, another Richard, of whom to rid the world would be patriotism.

Baltimore, aye, Baltimore, whose pavements are now red with the gore of her citizens, was the theatre of Daniel Webster's Sabbath day preaching. It was there the "Godlike" announced to the mob that there were no sabbaths in Revolutionary times.

They have taken him at his word. The greatest atrocities in the late Baltimore riots were committed on the Lord's Day.

These appeals to passions of the people were seconded by all the whig presses all over the country. *"Is there no Brutus to rid the world of a tyrant?"*—was the invitation of our whig editors to the assassins. *"Shoot down the d-d Irish little dogs!"* was the frantic cry of one of the most influential and most corrupt of the corps. In this way the whigs stirred up the passions of the mob to violence, mutiny and bloodshed; now mark the consequences.

In Philadelphia, a Democrat was diked at noonday, as he was peacefully carrying his vote to the polls. The whigs pulpitized the outrage, and the assassin remains yet unpunished.

In New York riots against the blacks were excited and cheered on by the editors, and Arsenal was attacked by a mob of whigs and the most furious excesses committed by these enemies of the "principles of Jacksonism."

In Charlestown a party of whig miscreants burned the convent under circumstances of unmitigated atrocity, and were all (save one poor boy) discharged from the tribunals of law "on a writ of justice" amid the cheers of their whig brethren.

The life of the President was aimed at by a maniac excited and goaded on by the passionate appeals of the whigs, and to the shame of humanity, men were not wanting to express their regret that the attempt was unsuccessful.

In looking over the catalogue of violence, crime and blood, who does not see that these extravagant excesses are justly imputable to the incendiary appeals of the whig leaders to the bad passions of the human heart, setting at naught all the restraints of religion, morality, and civil law.

But the writer in the Vermont can see none of this connexion between cause and effect; with him all the eccentricities in the political and moral world are produced by "Jacksonism," the great principle of disorder in society, the seminal germ of depravity, which converts grave Senators into seditious street-preachers, and pious and moral whigs into frantic rioters, lawless incendiaries and cold blooded assassins. To fill up the measure of folly, absurdity and wickedness, the writer gravely pronounces the popular tumults as judgments inflicted in the special order of providence.—Listen to the bold phrasemaker.

"There is no doubt in my mind that Jacksonism and its whole train of consequences have been inflicted upon us as a Judgment from heaven. Let us therefore return every man from his evil ways, and amend every man his doings, and beseech the Lord in his goodness to turn the hearts of the people to remove from us so grievous a curse."

What presumptuousness is here! An ignorant dolt, who cannot apprehend the ordinary occurrences of the day, pretends to penetrate and scan the counsels of the most high, and to handle the thunderbolts of Almighty God!

Mathias never committed a grosser impiety.—We are proud to belong to a party that resorts not to the audacious wickedness of bringing the ark of God into its political conflicts. Let the whigs continue to do it and the result will be, more signal defeat to those who are guilty of the unholy profanation, and we fear, dishonor to the religion which is thus prostituted to the purposes of party.

The only case, that has thus far excited much attention, came up on Thursday. It was an action, *Aurelia Huntton vs. Joseph French*, for breach promise of marriage; wherein the plaintiff claimed damage to amount of \$1000, for the non fulfilment of the defendant's engagement to make her his lawful wife. Counsel for the prosecution, *I. Bartlett and G. W. Nesmith Esqs.* For the defence, *Attorney Gen. Sullivan and W. Tappan Esq.*

It appeared in evidence, that in Nov. 1832, French, a cousin by both father and mother's side to the plaintiff, came from the State of N. York to Salisbury, where she resided, on a visit to his relatives and took quarters in her father's family. Soon after his arrival, he showed her such attentions as to excite the apprehensions of her parents, of whom he complained as being jealous of him? Not much hindrance, however, seems to have been offered, as by January or February they were in the habit of spending their evenings in private conference, and their intimacy and her imprudence had so far increased that a brother of the lady thought proper to communicate facts to his father, in order to learn whether their existence were known to the family. The old gentleman informed him that he was aware of the state of things—had remonstrated with his daughter on the subject, but found her admonitions ineffectual and had now determined to desist from them. French remained an inmate of Mr. Huntton's till April, meanwhile visiting with the plaintiff their mutual relatives and friends in Wadsworth, Andover, Franklin, &c. He then left on a peddling voyage in the service of the intended husband of Polly, an elder sister of the plaintiff. Before taking his departure however, he presented Aurelia with a ring, which seems to have been deemed by the members of the household a pledge of his affection. Another circumstance occurred during his stay—at the funeral of a younger sister, at his own request, he had been clothed in the habiliments of mourning, and walked to the grave with Aurelia.—The roving employment of selling jewelry and trinkets, not agreeing with his taste, or from some other cause, French soon forsook that business and located himself in Bradford.—From thence he returned the last of May, and again in July, to Salisbury; on both occasions rode &c. with Aurelia, and on the former expressly declared his intention of marrying her in less than a year, if his life were saved. After July his visits were discontinued. In Dec. next succeeding, the plaintiff gave birth to a female child, of which he was the reputed father. May 26, 1834, the defendant married a lady in Bradford, and immediately after on the same day was arrested in the present suit, by way of honey-moon. There was a few circumstances stated in aggravation, which might indicate deep and premeditated villainy on the part of the seducer—such as his approaching the mother under pretence of religious feelings, and his declaration that he would have his ends accomplished with the plaintiff the first opportunity.

The whole day was occupied in hearing the details of the evidence we have very briefly epitomized, listening to the able and eloquent arguments of Counsel, and the concise summing up facts at the close by Judge Upham. On Friday morning the jury returned a verdict—one thousand dollars damage for the plaintiff—one whole sum claimed in the writ. Such an example will convince those inclined to similar offences, that the way of transgressors, is not hard, is at least rather expensive. We understand French is not wealthy, but in profitable business at Lowell.—[N. H. Patriot.]

**Michigan.**—The President of the United States has appointed Charles Shaler, of Pennsylvania, Secretary and Acting Governor of the Territory of Michigan, in the place of Stevens T. Mason, superceded. The Globe gives the reason at length which have induced the change. Mr. Mason's conduct, although satisfactory in every other respect, has not been so in regard to the controversy with Ohio—and it is hoped that the change, if it do not reconcile existing difficulties, will have the effect to stay any hostile proceedings either on the part of Ohio or Michigan, until the meeting of Congress.

**Missouri.**—The Globe says there has undoubtedly been a gain of one decided friend to the democratic nominations of President and Vice President, and that the other member of Congress elected (General Ashley) pledged himself to vote as the State votes for Electors in case the election of President shall go to the House.—[N. H. Patriot.]

**Rhode Island,** in the opinion of the federalists, has become a poor, mean, miserable little state. Before the election we were told that she was of vast importance, and would exercise the same influence in the election of President, as the great State of N. York. Their course reminds us of the negro who caught the hare, "You make good fry—good stew—you good for most any thing." But the hare slipped from his hands, and run away, when the negro changed his opinion as quick as the federalists have theirs in regard to Rhode Island. "Run you long-bared, ill-looking varmint," said he—"I will take more fat to fry you, than you're worth."—[N. H. Patriot.]



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